

PRODUCTION AND CAPITAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

The New Orleans Commercial Times contains an article on the production and capital of the United States for 1848. It is made up by taking the increase of the past eight years. The prices of principle articles of production are assumed as follows:—

Cotton at 6 cents per pound; Sugar 4; Rice 3; Tobacco 7; Wheat, 60 cents per bushel; Corn 30; Barley 30; Oats 25; Rye 40; Buckwheat 50; and Potatoes 30 cents. Hemp and Flax, \$50 per ton.

According to these estimates, all the crops of the United States, in 1848, will be worth, in round numbers, \$591,400,000. Of these products only \$58,000,000; while New York alone produces \$79,000,000; Pennsylvania, \$55,000,000; Ohio, \$49,000,000; and Indiana, \$47,000,000. These are the great producing States of the Union.

The whole investment in manufactures in the United States is set down at \$343,300,000. Of this New England furnishes nearly one-third, viz—\$109,000,000. Massachusetts stands second only in the United States as a manufacturing State, having \$25,000,000 invested in this department of industry; while New York has \$69,000,000, and Pennsylvania, \$40,000,000.

Indian Cotton appears to be the great staple of the country; the whole quantity for the year being set down at about 472,000,000 bushels, valued at \$141,573,000. The hay crop takes the next place, and is estimated to be worth \$128,000,000. Cotton stands next, being estimated at 2,400,000 bales, worth \$61,800,000. The wheat crop is the third in value, being valued at \$63,514,000. The products of the dairy, it is supposed, will be worth \$23,500,000, and the potato crop \$40,600,000.

From these estimates some opinion may be formed of the productions of the United States, and the means which Providence has placed in our hands for the employment and sustenance of our immense and rapidly increasing population. And when it is considered that our country is as yet comparatively uncultivated, and its resources but very partially developed, no one can fail to be impressed with the enormous capabilities of the country. We have heard it said by an intelligent Western member of Congress, that the single State of Indiana could raise breadstuffs enough to supply the entire population of the United States.

YOUR CHANGE, SIR.

One of those nondescript specimens of humanity, called dandies, travelling thro' Conn. a few days since, in his own or borrowed conveyance, was brought up with a "round turn" at a toll gate, which he designed to have passed without paying the usual fee. When he found himself in limbo, from which he could not escape, he said to the dandy gentleman, "I am a young lady who has been at a dance at the gate, how much he had to pay before he could pass the formidable barrier."

"Three cents, sir, is the charge for single wagons," replied the young lady.

"Three cents is a three penny, the half of a sixpence; one of the smallest bits of silver in use, eh? young woman—am I right?" said the dandy, feeling in his pockets for his change.

"Three cents, sir, if you please," said the lady.

"In your office of highwayman, young woman, you will subtract the amount of your demand from this piece, and return me the balance as conveniently quick as your ordinary business," said the dandy, looking at the young woman with a malicious grin.

"A young woman, what is it you mean?" said the dandy. "Why don't you put that coin into my hand, eh?"

The girl archly replied, "Sir, I found your money under the wagon; there you will find your change," and as she turned to go into the house, she gave the fellow a most significant wink, and added, "I wouldn't dirty my fingers for twenty of them!"

"Hillo, hillo, young woman, what is it you mean?" said the dandy. "Why don't you put that coin into my hand, eh?"

The girl archly replied, "Sir, I found your money under the wagon; there you will find your change," and as she turned to go into the house, she gave the fellow a most significant wink, and added, "I wouldn't dirty my fingers for twenty of them!"

The gentleman dismounted—picked "up his coppers," and was off at full speed, impatient to get out of sight and hearing. If he should ever happen in that country again, he will tell care how he makes change with Yankee girls.

POEMS WHICH ARE POEMS.

We know of nothing in the whole range of literature, so wholly and irretrievably insipid and unreadable as ship-slop poetry, or rather attempts at poetry, for there is not one grain of pure gold in a mountain of such rubbish.

Now all the following, from the pen of William Cullen Bryant, is respectively the first poem of America, many of our readers, no doubt, are familiar, but even they, we hesitate not to say, will again recur to them with pleasure.

The stanza which we have italicized, will be recognized by nearly every one as an old acquaintance, having been quoted, perhaps, as much as any similar passage in the language.

"THE BATTLE-FIELD."

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,  
Were trodden by a hurrying crowd,  
And fiery hearts and armed hands  
Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget  
How glad the life-blood of her brave—  
Gush'd, warm with hope and courage yet,  
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still;  
Alone the chirp of fitting bird,  
And talk of children on the hill,  
And bell of wandering kine is heard.

No solemn host goes tramping by  
The black-mould's gun and staggering wain,  
Men start not at the battle-cry,  
Oh! be it never heard again.

Soon rested those who fought; but those  
Who mingled in the harder strife  
For truth which men receive not now,  
Their warfare only ends with life.

A fearless warfare! lingering long  
Through weary day and weary year,  
A wild and many-weapon'd throng  
Hang on thy front, and dank, and rear.

Yet, nerve thy spirit to the proof,  
And blest not at thy chosen lot,  
The timid goal may stand aloof,  
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,  
The hissing, surly bolt of war,  
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,  
The victory of duty and of care.

Truth, crucial to earth, shall rise again,  
The eternal virtues of God are here;  
But error, wounded, writhes with pain,  
And dies among his worshippers.

Yes, though thou lie upon the dust  
When they who help'd thee rise in fear  
Die full of hope and many trust,  
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,  
Another hand the trumpet wave  
Till from the trumpet's mouth be heard  
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

The Vicissitudes of Life.—Martin Durable, a man of great wealth and influence, in Louisiana, died recently of yellow fever, on his return from Tampa. He had become poor, and followed the army in Mexico as a small trader. His wife died some years since.

MARRYING.

There will be a great deal of marrying and giving in marriage this Fall. Indeed, the happy pastime has already become a serious one—in extent only. We advise both sexes to be on the alert—for just as certain as a snuffler to a candle, all the girls, or all the men, we don't know which, will be married and out of the way before the year is once over.

A war of extermination—in a match making sense—is going on, and loneliness be unto those who do not feel and acknowledge its influence. That heads of families are well awake, no one can doubt who reads the following:

Mr. Smithson, (an improvement on the name of Smith,) wished to take Miss Brownly, (another improvement,) to the opera. He had been on terms of intimacy with the family for about five years, but "never spoke of love," on the contrary, he had frequently declared his intentions of leading a bachelor life. One morning he put his hand on the bell-handle and was admitted.

"Oh, James," exclaimed Miss Jane, "where have you kept yourself so long?"

"I've been spending the evening with the family. Before he could answer, however, Jane's brothers and sisters (eight or ten in number) had gathered about him. Summoning all his courage he said—

"I have come to ask you—"

"Not here, James—not now—oh—"

"That's just," murmured Smithson, "if you're not engaged."

"Oh! oh! water—quick," shrieked Jane, "What's that?" inquired her father, "who says she's engaged?"

"I didn't mean," said Smithson, in confusion.

"Of course not," continued Mr. Brownly, "you couldn't suppose such a thing, when you have always been our favorite."

Then advancing and taking poor Smithson's hand, he said—

"Take her, my boy, she's a good girl, and loves you to distraction. May you both be as happy as the days are long."

Thereupon mother and children crowded upon Smithson and wished him much joy, and company coming in at the moment, the affair was told to them as a profound secret. So Smithson got a wife without popping the question, and almost before he knew it himself. But we cannot help thinking he was hurried into matrimony.

Turn About.—Two Yankees were strolling in the woods without any arms in their possession, and observing a bear ascending a tree, with its large paws clasped around the trunk, one of them ran forward and caught the bear's paw, one in each hand. He instantly called out to his comrade:

"Jonathan, I say, go home and bring me something as fast as you can, till I kill the varmint."

"Mind, don't let me see you in a fix," the second Yankee called out as he went, "I'm exceedingly long returning. During the time the bear had made several desperate attempts to bite the hands of him who held it. At length Jonathan came back.

"Hollo, Jonathan, what the deuce has kept you?"

"Well, I'll tell you," replied Jonathan—"when I got home breakfast was about ready, and I guessed it would be as well to wait for it."

Jonathan seized the bear's paw, and held the animal while the other could kill it.

"Well, Jonathan, have you got hold of him?"

"I guess I have," replied Jonathan.

"Very well, hold him fast—I guess I'll go to dinner."

Indian Names.—We like Indian names when they are liquid and sonorous, and strike as gently on the ear as a Panacea pipe in a sequestered vale; and regret that all such names had not been returned when our fathers first discovered the rivers, lakes, forests and mountains of the new continent. Such names, for instance, as the following, properly according to the Indian pronunciation, can hardly be improved in sweetness and melody—we rejoice that they have been retained in the white man's vocabulary: Susquehanna, Monongahela, Niagara, Amosack, Pemigewasset, Tuscara, Winipissee, or Winnepequois, &c.

But what shall we say of the following Indian names, which, according to Dr. Jackson's Geographical Report of Maine, are attached to some of the lakes, rivers, mountains, falls, portages, &c., in the unsettled portion of that State, viz: Abjokanagessic River, Katadivac Lake, Katsopkong Lake, Ambijic Lake, Chigalagassic Falls, Panguagunac Portage, Sowadchank River, Umbazookus Lake, Merimupicook River, Wapshengam Lake, Banamhehagmook Lake, Apnoonejagmook Lake, &c. &c. These are as good as dead as a muffled drum, and which is as follows:—

Wapshengam Lake, a word which, as Mr. Hayward says in his Gazetteer, "would puzzle a Demosthenes to pronounce without a Greek letter, or a stone in his mouth." Try it.—Boston Journal.

Abundance of Wives.—A reliable correspondent sends us the following statement:—"There is a village in the land of steady habits and wooden nutmegs called 'Christian Hollow,' where may be found eight very respectable, enterprising men, mostly farmers, who have been married to twenty women. One is now living with his fourth wife, two with their third, and five with their second wives; and it is a singular fact, these families comprise almost the whole of the population of the neighborhood." This is certainly a rare instance of unequal distribution.

Good.—Many years ago, in this State, a certain justice called to liberate a worthy, less debtor by receiving his oath that he was not worth forty shillings.

"Well, Johnny," said the justice, as he entered, "can you swear that you are not worth forty shillings, and never will be?"

"Why," answered the other, rather chagrined at the question, "I can swear that I am not worth that at present."

"Well, well," returned the justice, "I can swear to the rest—so step forward Johnny."

A Noble Act Nobly Appreciated.—We find the following in the New York Journal of Commerce:

"In the latter part of last Summer a young daughter of Mr. Corcoran, (of the firm of Corcoran and Riggs) of Washington City, was playing with some friends on a wharf, in the rear of the grounds of Capt. Charles Williams, at Stonington, Conn., and stepped into a boat which by some accident, was loosened and drifted from the shore. The child frightened at the danger impending overboard. Mr. Gordon Smith, a boat builder, who was near by, swam in and rescued her at the last moment of time, engaged in business, as is widely known. He has since returned, and we saw last week a letter from him to Mr. Smith expressing his gratitude, and enclosing one thousand dollars as a testimony of it. This is a reward at once unexpected to the receiver and noble in the giver, doing honor to the donor, he appears to be a worthy recipient, highly esteemed by all who knew him."

Cheap Postage.—The French National Assembly has passed a bill for the reduction of postage on all inland letters, to four sous, or four cents. The same will go into effect on the 1st of January. Russia has also established a penny postage throughout her great empire.

The Mississippi papers announce the death of ex-Gov. McNutt. He has long been a prominent politician of that State, and at his death headed the Democratic Electoral ticket.

Affection's Tribute.—In the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, Paris, many of the grave stones have, simply, "To my little Sister," or "To my Dear Mother," and underneath, "Pray for her," or "for them," as the case may warrant.

The following most beautiful and touching inscription, may be seen on a stone in Hingham:

OUR MOTHER.

Full Age, Nov. 12, 1840.

E. 51.

When will the morning come? Simple, yet beautiful language! Language that shall find a response in every heart made sad by the loss of that best and dearest of earthly friends, a mother. Many a faltering tongue has asked that most significant question, "When will the morning come?"

Small Pox generally begins with languor and weariness, chilliness and vomiting, soreness of the throat, great thirst, and many other unpleasant complaints.

Indian Vegetable Pills will be found the very best medicine in the cure of the small pox, because they cleanse the body from those poisonous humors which are the cause of small pox and other eruptive complaints. From three to six of said Indian Vegetable Pills, taken every night on going to bed, will in a short time make a perfect cure of the above dangerous complaint, and the blood and other fluids will be restored to a state of purity.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills also aid and improve digestion, and therefore give health and vigor to the whole frame.

Beware of Counterfeits of all kinds! Some are coated with sugar; others are made to resemble in outward appearance the original medicine. The safest course is, to purchase of the regular agents only.

For sale in Wilmington, N. C., by George R. French, Agent, who will supply country dealers and planters at the Philadelphia prices.

Three directed exclusively to the sale of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, wholesale and retail, 169 Race St., Philadelphia, and Greenwich St., New York, and 193 Tremont St., Boston.

MARRIED.

In Brunswick County, on the 2d inst., by Wm. H. H. Williams, Esq., Andrew J. Potter, to Martha Potter.

In Fayetteville, on the 18th ult., Mr. William K. Blake, to Miss Eliza L. Hawley daughter of the late Mr. Wm. L. Hawley.

In Orange County, on the 25th ult., Mr. Josiah H. Whitley, of Johnson, to Miss Margaret B. second daughter of Harrison Terrell, Esq.

In Wilmington, Del., on the 16th inst., Rev. James H. McNeill, of Fayetteville, to Miss Kate, daughter of Dr. P. Chamberlain of Wilmington.

In Pitt county, on the 18th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Cheshire, Rev. N. Collins Hughes, to Mrs. William C. Hughes, daughter of the late Dr. Robert Williams.

In Orange County, on the 17th ult., John W. Broadnax, Esq., of Pittsylvania County, Va., to Miss Susan M., daughter of the Hon. Thomas Ruffin, Chief Justice of North Carolina.

At the residence of the Rev. E. C. Cox, on the evening of the 27th inst., by O. B. Sanders, Esq., Mr. Daniel N. Cox, to Miss Benet Koonce, all of Onslow County.

DIED.

In Sampson County, recently, Mr. Allen A. McDougall, aged about 29.

In Moore County, on the 9th inst., Col. Wm. Hancock, in his 52d year.

At his residence, near Brownsville, Haywood County, Tenn., on the 10th of October, after an illness of a few days, Maj. Wm. R. Leigh, in the 24th year of his age, son of the late Roscoe Leigh, Esq., formerly of Newbern, North Carolina.

In Duplin County, on the 31st ultimo, after a painful illness of 4 weeks, Mr. Jonathan Brooks, aged 78 years. Mr. B. was a consistent member of the Church, and a very kind and respected father and grandfather. He has left an aged consort, and many other relatives, to lament his loss. His funeral sermon was preached on the 1st instant, by the Rev. Mr. Stallings.—Text taken from the 47th chapter and 9th verse of Genesis.—Conn.

WILMINGTON MARKET.

Nov. 2.—Brig David Duffell, March, New York, to G. W. Davis.

3.—Brig Jerome, Dayton, Newport, R. I., to R. H. Stan-

don & Co., New York, to R. I. DeRosier, Brown & Co.

Brig Ensign Pratt, Hull, Bristol, R. I., to DeRosier, Brown & Co.

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WILMINGTON MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

BACON.—Per pound. 9 a 10

Hams. 7 1/2 a 8

Shoulders. 7 1/2 a 8

Hog round. 7 1/2 a 8

BEANS.—Per bushel. 1 00 a 1 05

BUCKWHEAT.—Per bushel. 1 00 a 1 05

COFFEE.—Per barrel. 12 00 a 14 00

Do. Prime. 12 00 a 14 00

Do. On the hoof, per cwt. 16 00 a 18 00

CORNFLOUR.—Per barrel. 6 00 a 7 00

COFFEE.—Per pound. 7 1/2 a 8

Do. Domingo. 7 1/2 a 8

Do. Laguayra. 7 1/2 a 8

Do. Java. 7 1/2 a 8

COTTON.—Per pound. none

CANDLES.—Yellow.—Per pound. 16 1/2 a 17

Sperm. 16 1/2 a 17

FEATHERS.—Per pound. 3 00 a 3 50

FLOUR.—Per barrel. 7 00 a 7 50

Do. Northern.—Per 100 pounds. 4 00 a 4 50

Do. Southern.—Per 100 pounds. 4 00 a 4 50

Do. Extra.—Per 100 pounds. 4 00 a 4 50

Do. Family.—Per 100 pounds. 4 00 a 4 50

Do. Superfine.—Per 100 pounds. 4 00 a 4 50

Do. Choice.—Per 100 pounds. 4 00 a 4 50

Do. Best.—Per 100 pounds. 4 00 a 4 50

Do. No. 1.—Per 100 pounds. 4 00 a 4 50

Do. No. 2.—Per 100 pounds. 4 00 a 4 50

Do. No. 3.—Per 100 pounds. 4 00 a 4 50

Do. No. 4.—Per 100 pounds. 4 00 a 4 50

Do. No. 5.—Per 100 pounds. 4 00 a 4 50

Do. No. 6.—Per 100 pounds. 4 00 a 4 50

Do. No. 7.—Per 100 pounds. 4 00 a 4 50

Do. No. 8.—Per 100 pounds. 4 00 a 4 50

Do. No. 9.—Per 100 pounds. 4 00 a 4 50

Do. No. 10.—Per 100 pounds. 4 00 a 4 50

Do. No. 11.—Per 100 pounds. 4 00 a 4 50

Do. No. 12.—Per 100 pounds. 4 00 a 4 50

Do. No. 13.—Per 100 pounds. 4 00 a 4 50

Do. No. 14.—Per 100 pounds. 4 00 a 4 50

Do. No. 15.—Per 100 pounds. 4 00 a 4 50

Do. No. 16.—Per 100 pounds. 4 00 a 4 50

Do. No. 17.—Per 100 pounds. 4 00 a 4 50

Do. No. 18.—Per 100 pounds. 4 00 a 4 50

Do. No. 19.—Per 100 pounds. 4 00 a 4 50

Do. No. 20.—Per 100 pounds. 4 00 a 4 50

REGIMENTAL ORDERS.

ORDERS No. 11.

Head Quarters, 10th Regiment.

WILMINGTON, 10th Oct. 1848.

The 30th Regiment of North Carolina Militia are hereby ordered to appear at Wilmington, on Tuesday, 21st November next, for review.

The commissioned and non-commissioned officers, and musicians, are hereby ordered to meet for drill, on Monday, 20th November.